

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Psych Evaluation"

Yo

Some say the pen overpowers the sword  
The video camera is just as powerful when it records  
Appallin' footage of cops breakin' the law  
Mad at you because of what you saw, now they breakin' ya jaw  
I been accused, of bein' internally preoccupied  
'Cause the rhymes talk to me, and I talk to the rhymes  
Clinically induced impulses reveal what's hidden  
Written prescriptions, given by qualified clinicians  
Lafayette peg boards be spinnin on turn tables  
To determine the motor coordination available  
Those able to speak what I spoke, repeat my quotes  
My systematic treatment approach, be deep in they throats  
I inject the frontal lobe of the brain with a lethal dose  
Of unspeakable dope, worse than opium smoke  
Well-spoken like Washington Post, or a Fox News Network host  
Scale intelligence like Wechsler Adults  
Nonnormative data, brain storage matter couldn't capture  
A couple years ago they had to put it on Napster  
Ressurrect Rip the Jacker, rip these rappers  
For every second the clock ticks, I'm a attack ya

*[HOOK]*

The C-A-N dash I dash  
B-U-S gets the last laugh, before the critical mass  
In half the speed of a bulb flash  
Fire engulf that ass, into a mole hill of charcoal ash  
Only to be blown away by a cold draft  
Wack emcees got no chance, it's so sad  
They say to Canibus, "Will you ever run out of things to say?  
How much breath can a man breathe in a day?"  
Needless to say, I think it's kinda deep in a way  
People be like "Bis is too ill, keep him away"  
It's a good thing I got patience  
I been waitin here longer than Dr. Levinson's time equations  
Tryin' to figure out what made men  
Was it inflation, or are we just a product of the apes then

*[HOOK]*

You think because I'm not on a major I can't bus'  
And because I come from the ghetto that I can't adjust  
Yeah my disposition was rough  
But it turned me into a quick learner, all I need now is some luck  
I used to be a undisciplined piece of fecal matter  
A underdog rapper, but I closed that chapter

I deal wit my adaptive difficulty faster  
And question my projected technique as a rapper  
I've lost interest in the battle glory and glamor  
But I cant control Rip the Jacker, when he gets amped up  
It doesn't matter, we all got a dark side  
A loud mouth, Mau Mau from the Apartheid  
Yo you wanna earn your respect, then come to micclub dot net  
And see if you can impress the best

*[HOOK]*